

The most lamentable Tragedie

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

Titus. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?

Some booke there is that shee desires to see:

Which is it gyrl of these, open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skild,

Come and take choyse of all my Librarie,

And so beguile thy sorrow, tell the heauens

Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.

VVhy lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she meanes that there were more than one

Confederate in the fact, I more there was:

Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge:

Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?

Puer. Grandfier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,

My mother gaue it mee.

Mar. For loue of her thats gone,

Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft, so busilie shee turnes the leaues,

Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,

And treates of *Terens* treason and his rape,

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy,

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues,

Titus. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyrl?

Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,

Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomie woods;

See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,

(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)

Patternd by that the Poet here describes,

By nature made for murthers and for rapes,

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,

Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies,

Tu. Giue signes sweet girle, for here are none but friends,

VVhat

of Titus Andronicus.

VVhat Romaine Lord it was durst doe the deede?

Or slonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,

That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe, by mee,

Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercurie*,

Inspire me that I may thys treason finde,

My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lavinia*,

*He writes his Name with his Staffe, and guides it
with feete and mouth.*

Thys sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst

This after mee, I haue writ my name,

VVithout the helpe of any hand at all.

Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shift:

Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,

VVhat God will haue discouered for reuenge,

Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,

That we may know the traytors and the truth.

*Shee takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumps and writes.*

Oh doe yee read my Lord what she hath writ,

Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Marcus. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,

Performers of this haynous bloody deede.

Titus. *Magni Dominator poli,*

Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know

There is enough written vpon this earth,

To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,

And arme the mindes of infants to exclaymes,

My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lavinia* kneele,

And